

Daugh. Asever you heard, but say nothing?

1. *Fr.* No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedometo (him)
He warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.

Iay. She's lost
Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1. *Fr.* Do's she know him?

1. *Fr.* No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Iay. Yes.

Daugh. Wher's your Compasse?

Iay. Heere.

Daugh. Set it too'th North.

And now direct your course to'th wood, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerly.

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine saile, wher's your
Whistle Master?

Bro. Lets get her in.

Iay. Vp to the top Boy.

Bro. Wher's the Pilot?

1. *Fr.* Heere,

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

2. *Fr.* A faire wood.

Daugh. Beare for it master: take about: *Singer.*
When Cynthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2. Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.

Emilia. Yet I may binde those wounds up, that must
And bleed to death for my sake else; Ile choosc. (open
And end their strife: Two such yong hansom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sonnes
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a sweet fa
With all her best
She sowes into th
Were here a mon
The coy denials
She would run n
Of what a fyry f
Has this yong P
Iust such another
Set Love a fire w
Snatch up the go
A shining conste
Of what a spacio
Arch'd like the g
Smoother then T
Me thinks from
Pointed in heave
To all the under
Of gods, and sue
Is but his foyle,
Hee's swarth, an
As if he had lost
No stirring in h
Of all this sprigh
Yet these that w
Narcissus was
Oh who can fin
I am a Foole, my
I have no choice
That women oug
I aske thy pardo
And only beutifi
These the bright
And threaten Lo
What a bold gra
Has this brown
From this howr
Thou art a chang